NOVEL HUNT FOR BUGS

California Horticultural Department's Plan to Get Parasites.

LONG JOURNEY OF ORANGE TREES

Taken From San Francisco to China to Be Infested With Enemies of Purple Scale, and Then Brought Back to Their Starting Place—Curiosity of Chinamen to See George Compere, Who Handled the Trees in the Orient.

From San Francisco to New York, from New York to Brazil, from Brazil to London, from London to West Australia, from Australia to China and from China to San Francisco is the itinerary of the latest scientific bug hunt of the state horticultural department of California, says the San Francisco Call.

The hunter was George Compere, who recently arrived in San Francisco from China. Compere went for parasites to prey on two kinds of scales that infest and destroy orange trees. One sort he found and carried to West Australia on a government order. The second parasite involved the most curious quest for relief from pests and the longest one in point of miles traversed in the interest of science that the annals of such work may boast.

The purple scale damages the orange trees of southern California largely. Some months ago a parasite that kills the purple scale was found, and many of its eggs were sent to San Francisco to the quarantine station for insect pests in the Ferry building in cold storage. There the specimens were viewed with admiration by Ehrhorn and Carnes, and great results were hoped for. Unfortunately the eggs did not hatch. Probably the cold storage was too severe for them.

How to get the parasite to San Francisco in shape to do business as against the purple scale was a question that became pressing. Compere was circumnavigating the world. Communication was had with him, and it was agreed that trees infested with the purple scale should be sent from San Francisco to China, to be taken inland several hundred miles in China and there exposed to the visits of the purple scale exterminator.

Compere found the trees from California in China at a seaport. He then had to journey by boat many days up a river that ran so swiftly that oarsmen could not row against the current, and it was necessary to have coolies on the river banks pull the boats along with ropes for days at a time. Finally, after some rough experiences, Compere reached the province that is the home of the enemy of the purple scale. There he went ashore. Thousands of the Chinese farmers in the neighborhood had never seen a white man before. They were very curious and came miles to see Compere simply because he was white.

The owner of the boat in which Compere had journeyed would not tie his boat to the river bank at night because he knew that he would be killed by Chinese thieves who wished to get the boat, and he anchored nightly in the middle of the river. The traveled orange trees were taken ashore and were carried by two men many more miles by land. There the purple scale exterminator finally made its home in the imported trees.

Once more the trees were picked up and laboriously carried by hand by two coolies to the river. The trees were shipped by Compere, and he accompanied them to the sea. Then they were put after a time on a steamship for San Francisco, and they reached that port simultaneously with Compere, having journeyed 12,000 miles by sea, some hundreds of miles by river and as many more hundreds by land.

From now on the trees will be watched with daily and constant care. If the purple scale parasites on them develop and live the problem of relief to southern California orchards will have been solved. If they fail to fulfill expectations, then a second journey to China will be necessary. The search will be kept up as long as the pest exists.

CRICKET FIGHTING IN CHINA

One of Many Forms of Gambling Indulged in by Chinese.

The Chinese are inveterate gamblers, and never lose an opportunity to bet, no matter how trivial the cause may be. One of their great institutions is cricket-fighting, the crickets being caught, fed and trained as carefully as is a blooded horse. There is a fixed diet for them, part of their food consisting of honey and boiled chestnuts. If they get sick, they are fed with mosquitoes. Prior to fighting, their weight is ascertained and duly recorded, there being a fixed regulation as to their size and weight. On the door of the house in which the fight is to take place the record of each cricket is pasted up, and the owner of the winner gets ten per cent of all the bets. The cricket-pit is a low tub placed on the table, and, after weighing, the combatants are put in it and tickled with straws until they rush at each other with loud chirrups and fight until one of them is killed. Good fighting crickets are very valuable and are often sold for large sums.

The Spotless Ermine.

The idea that the judicial officer is supposed to be vested with ermine, though fabulous and mythical, is yet more eloquent in its significance. We are told that the little creature called the ermine is so acutely sensitive to its own cleanliness that it becomes paralyzed and powerless at the slightest touch of defilement upon its snow-white fur. When the hunters are pursuing it, they spread with mire the pass leading to its haunts, toward which they then draw it, knowing that it will submit to be captured rather than defile itself.

"Rain Shields."

In some form or other the umbrella was in use many centuries before the Christian Era. We see it depicted in the paintings and sculptures of Egypt. In China and Japan the umbrella has been in existence as far back as history can trace, and the full war attire of a Japanese soldier included not only a fan, but a very large parasol. At the beginning of the seventeenth century umbrellas were introduced into England as a fashionable fad. In those days they were made of feathers in imitation of the plumage of water birds. Later, oiled silk became the ordinary material. In the reign of Queen Anne, as a protection in wet weather, they became of general use amongst women. That the stronger sex disdained them, although men's dress was just as gay and rich as that of ladies, is proved beyond a doubt by many writers of the period.

May live 100 Years.

The chances for living a full century are excellent in the case of Mrs. Jennie Duncan, of Haynesville, Me., now 70 years old. She writes: "Electric Bitters cured me of Chronic Dyspepsia of 20 years' standing, and made me feel as well and strong as a young girl." Electric Bitters cure Stomach and Liver diseases, Blood disorders, General Debility and bodily weakness. Sold on a guarantee at all drug stores. Price only 50c.

COMPARISONS OF CUSTOMS.

Facts Demonstrated in Studying Habits of Various Races.

Queer as it may seem, the relative value of push and of pull is a plain fact of nature. If anybody doubts it, let him consider the following details, in which the Statesman shows the difference between the Asiatic and the European:

In India, a man digging in the garden does not throw the earth from him, as the English gardener does, but pulls it toward him. The carpenter sawing wood does not drive the saw, but pulls it, in token of which fact the teeth of an Indian saw are set in the opposite way from those of the English saw. Even when the Indian workman has been induced to adopt the labor saving machinery introduced from Europe he shows a strange perversity in sacrificing part of the benefit through his habit of preferring to pull rather than to push.

Thus, in turning a wheel, as in raising water from a well or working a crane, instead of pushing the handle down and so getting the benefit of the weight of his body, he pulls it up, and so sacrifices that natural advantage. For the same reason the wheelbarrow has never become naturalized in India, although specially suited for a country where roads are still comparatively few, but footpaths abound. The Indian drill works in the opposite direction from the European bit and brace, and the pot is stirred not from left to right, as in the West, but from right to left.

The same rule holds good in weapons of warfare. The Indian sword is made for cutting, not for thrusting, and the common daos and daggers are on the same principle.

The Indian, in the use of weapons nature has provided for offence and defence, does not hit out straight from the shoulder like the European, but strikes from above downward, or from right to left with a sweeping movement. Nor is the backhanded slap of which most English school boys have had personal experience known in the East.

Kicking out is also rare, although it is coming in with football. Another physical exercise in which the difference is very marked is swimming. In India the arms are not extended outward as in Europe, but the stroke is downward and inward.

Nor does the Indian take a header into the water with arms extended. Those who have seen the famous divers at Delhi and elsewhere diving from the roofs of mosques into adjacent tanks will remember that they came down feet foremost and assumed a squatting attitude before reaching the water.

Then in riding the Indian horseman keeps his position, not like the European (by holding on by the extensor muscles of the thigh with toes directed inward), but by grasping the saddle with flexors—that is to say, with the calves of the legs, the toes being directed outward. An Indian scavenger sweeps toward himself, not away, like his brother in the West.

When the Indian beckons some one to approach he does so with the palm of the hand downward; the European in the corresponding act turns the palm upward. Even in Indian writing there is an avoidance of movement of extension.

This is very apparent in the case of Persian, which is written from right to left, but it also holds good in Hindi and other Sanskrit languages. Nearly all the strokes are written downward; the upward sweeps common in English writing are very rare.

Mansfield and Shaw.

"George Bernard Shaw, one summer in London, gave me," said Richard Mansfield, "a new play to read. I took it home. It was 'Candida.'

"I was afraid to say anything, and a few days later I met Shaw.

"'How do you like my play?' said he.

"'I haven't had time to read it yet,' said I.

"'Well, hurry up,' said Shaw. 'I want your opinion of the deathbed scene in the first act.'

"I managed to avoid him for a week, though he called twice. Finally I met him at a reception.

"'Well?' he said, reproachfully.

"'The deathbed scene is superb,' said I.

"He smiled.

"'And what do you think,' he asked, 'of the interview between the pugilist and the snake-charmer in act three?'

"'I have only finished act two,' I faltered. 'I have been so busy.'

"'Do you like the elopement in act two?'

"'Oh, it's fine,' I cried.

"'Well hurry through the play, and send it back to me,' said Shaw, 'I know where I can place it.'

"For a month I avoided him. Then in the Burlington arcade he cornered me, and questioned me closely about the duel in the third act, the painter's suicide in the second and the murder of Candida in the fourth. Some of these incidents I praised. Some I condemned. Shaw listened with a queer smile.

"'I must have the play back tomorrow,' he said. 'It goes to the printer's then.'

"On the way home, racking my brain over the lost play, it suddenly occurred to me that I might have lost it in a cab. I hurried to Scotland yard's lost and found department, and the clerk said:

"'Lost play, sir. Why, yes, sir. George Bernard Shaw's name was on it, sir, and it was returned to Mr. Shaw the day after it came here, sir.'

"Shaw, you see, had been hoaxing me all the time, and I had been gravely criticising 'Candida'" incidents and episodes that didn't exist."

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN BELIEFS.

Influence of Magic on Their Lives—'Book of Heaven and Hell.'

No nation in the world devoted so much attention to the subject of the future life as the ancient Egyptians, and yet, strangely enough, with so little effect upon their daily life in this world. It had, however, no morbid effect upon him, for, unlike any other nation of antiquity, the Egyptian had fully convinced himself that his life was but the ante-chamber to a "life of eternity and everlastingness."

Egypt was essentially the land of magic, and fully justified the Talmudic saying that "when magic was created out of ten parts, nine were assigned to Egypt." It is in magic, says the London Globe, that we find the whole key to the Egyptian ideas of heaven and hell.

The greatest work of the future state was that known as the "Book of the Dead"—a marvellous compendium of magic, religion and folklore. Its beginning is lost in the dark regions of the prehistoric age, for there is now no doubt that it had taken definite library form long before the fourth dynasty, B. C. 3700, and was old by the time of the sixth, some centuries later.

The Egyptian's ideas of future life were the outcome of his magical belief that everything material or immaterial had its immortal double. The land itself, the Nile, the chief religious cities, the king, and the people, all had their doubles in the next world. Out of this grew the idea of a life in the future state of perfect happiness, the best on earth, in the Fields of Peace. There can be no doubt that this region of the blessed was regarded by the early Egyptians, and, indeed, for a long time by the common people, not as a celestial region, but as situated in the fertile and well watered regions of the Nile delta in the northwest of Egypt, where the blessed ever breathed the cool north wind.

Here helived in an ideal form of his life upon earth. He ploughed his fields and grew the grain which supplied him with "bread that grew not stale and beer that never became sour." Here was situated the duplicate of his earthly town or village, and Heaven would, indeed, be a home to him.

The belief in ancestor worship, no doubt, was an important element in the religion of the Egyptians—but would the deceased meet and be recognized by those who had preceded him? On this point Dr. Budge describes how the deceased meets and is recognized by all who are near and dear to him.

As he truly remarks, it is an exact picture of the return of a long absent wanderer to his native village, such as may be seen any day in the Nile valley. It explains, also, the reason why the funeral inscriptions make so strong a feature of the family and social rectitude of the dead. Thus the expression: "I was one reverent to my father, favored of my mother, devoted to my brothers and sisters and united in heart with the people of my town."

The underworld was a region of fire, lakes of fire, rivers of fire, bound, beheaded, and each day brought to life to undergo fresh torture. Space will not permit us to deal with this subject here, but in these terrible pictures we have, no doubt, the source from which the early Christian writers drew their vivid descriptions of the tortures of the wicked.

Land of the Paris Cabman.

It is a peculiarity of Paris, which every visitor who knows enough French to tell one dialect from another must have noticed, that nearly all Paris cabmen come from the same part of the country. The same thing is true of coal merchants and of dealers in roasted chestnuts, who come from Auvergne; of the goatherds, who hawk their milk about the streets, who are Breton peasants, and of many other trades.

The cab drivers' land is probably little known to Englishmen. It is down in the Aveyron, and Rodez is its capitol, a tiny village, where the worst language and the best hearts in all France are to be found. The eldest of each family in Rodez takes the land and the paternal cottage. The old folks live with him until their death, and the younger sons go to Paris and drive cabs.

For years they drive about in all weathers, scraping together sou by sou until they have garnered enough to go home and pay for their board and lodging for the remainder of their days. They go with the elder brother to a notary on the first day of their return home and sign a deed by which he is bound to keep them for the remainder of their days in idleness in return for their savings.

There is an old priest in Rodez who thoroughly understands his flock. He never asks them to enter the church, but chats with them outside it, and preaches informal sermons as he thinks fit. Recently a deputation of the men took him a plaster statue of St. Fiacre (falsely believed to be the cabman's patron saint), whose rake—for St. Fiacre was really a gardner—they had cut away, and substituted a tiny cabman's whip.

Politics in South Africa.

Stanley Porter Hyatt, writing in the London Mail, says the dangerous unrest among the blacks of South Africa is due to the teachings of negroes from the United States who originally came as missionaries "but were not many months in the colonies before they dropped their religion and devoted themselves to politics, beginning a propaganda of Africa for Africans."

King Edward carefully preserves programmes of the proceedings in which he has taken part.